

1st [15]
P O E M
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
KING'S BIRTH.
4. Nov. 1690.

By THO. SHADWELL, Poet Laureat, and Historiographer-Royal.

FOR ever blest be this *Auspicious Day*,
Which did *Great Orange* to the *World* convey !
Destin'd by *Heav'n* that *Glorious Race* to run,
Which his *Illustrious Ancestors* begun.
This day enrich'd him with *Maria's Charms*,
A vast reward for his *Victorious Arms*.
This Day he visited fair *Albion's* shore,
Whom long she sigh'd and languish'd for before,
But none could less deserve, or need him more.
The only *Prince* on Earth could set her free,
From vilest *Bondage* and *Idolatry*.
Yet soon some base *ungrateful Jews* appear,
Who *murmur* at their *Great Deliverer*.
Whose *Hearts* to *Onion Gods*, and *Garlick* cleave,
And for their *Apis* the true *God* would leave.
Some for *Preferment* did at *change* aspire,
That's all the *Reformation* they desire.
These noysome *Vapours*, in the *Bowels* bred,
Could never mount so high t'affect the *Head*.
He, undisturb'd in *Vertues* Path, does go,
Wisely he *Reigns*, *bravely* *Subdues* the *Foe*;
Blest from above, he nothing fears below.
The *Party* lessens, so 'twill lose its *Name*;
Some his great *Clemency* has put to *Shame*,
While others yield to his *Immortal Fame*.

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So wonderful his *Deeds* in *Arms* appear,
 That him worst *Foes* ev'n seeming *Friends* must fear,
 And most *Malicious Enemies* revere.
 But he is sure the firm support to have,
 Of all the *Uncorrupted* and the *Brave*.
 And *Male-contents*, so weak, so little seem,
Themselves they may indanger, never him.
 For shame *Recant*, and willingly *Obey*,
 And bless *Heav'n's Pow'r* for this *Important Day*.
 For us what *Toyls*, what *Perils* has he run !
 Which might have the *distressed World* undone.
 Above all *Princes* were the *Great Nassaws*,
 Yet none of them had such a *Glorious Cause*.
 Those bravely their own *Country* freed, and broke
 The *Spanish Fetters* : This the *Gallick Yoke*,
 Which *Louis* for all *Europe* had design'd :
 Our *King* was sent by *Heav'n* t' enlarge *Mankind*.
 His *Warlike Actions* will be all *Renown'd*,
 But that o'th' *Boyn* with highest *Glory* *Crown'd*,
 Where-ever *Fame* shall her loud *Trumpet* found.
 Go on, *Brave Prince*, and *Heav'n* your *Person* bless,
 And your *Victorious Troops* with wisht *Success*.
 Unhurt your *Person* be, unbroken they,
 In *Conquests* fierce as you are mild in *Sway*.
 You, *Sir*, were Born the *Noblest Cause* to try,
 And nought can stop your *process* but the *Sky* ;
 To you shall *Subjects* *Kneel*, from you ill *Princes* flye.
 May ev'ry day your *God-like Pow'r* increase,
 And your *Victorious Progress* never cease,
 Till you shall give the *Suffering World* a *Peace*.
 When to the top of *Glory* you attain,
 Which you by *Righting Injur'd Nations* Gain ;
 A long and *healthful Life* attend your *prosperous Reign*.
 And never may you mount above the *Skies*,
 Till from *Lifes Feast* you *satisfy'd* shall rise.